

The West Virginian

"THE PAPER THAT GOES HOME."

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY
The Fairmont Printing and Publishing Company,
The West Virginian Building, Adams and Quincy Sts.

TELEPHONES—1105, 1106, 1107. All departments
reached through private exchange.

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BY MAIL—(Payable in advance only.) One year, \$10.00; six months, \$6.00; three months, \$3.50; one month, \$2.00.

BY CARRIER—(In Fairmont.) One year, \$7.00; six months, \$4.50; one month, \$2.00; one week, 15c. Per copy, Three Cents.

BY CARRIER—(Outside of Fairmont.) One year, \$10.00; six months, \$6.00; one month, \$2.00; one week, 15c. By carrier, Three Cents. All subscriptions payable in advance.

When asking for change in address give old as well as new address.

Entered at the Postoffice at Fairmont, West Virginia, as second-class matter.

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13, 1919.

THE AMERICAN'S CREED.

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

NEW DEAL NEEDED.

NO one was surprised by the announcement of Frank Farrington that the miners purpose presenting at the scale conference in Washington tomorrow the identical scale which they submitted when the joint conference opened at Buffalo last month. That will do as well as anything for a starter. But the miners might as well understand now as later that if they are going to permit their side of the negotiations to be managed by radicals like Farrington they are going to get a licking that will be historical both for its scope and its thoroughness. As a hint at how the public is going to react to the Farringtons and Farringtonism the following editorial which appeared in a powerful mid-west newspaper famous for its sympathy for the labor movement, a thick and thin supporter of the American Federation of Labor, of the Railroad brotherhoods, and even of the steel strike, is herewith reprinted:

Defiance of the United States District Court orders is defiance of American law and is anarchy, if not revolution.

We believe in organized labor and we feel strongly that the striking soft coal miners have a good case so far as their economic demands are concerned. But we cannot endorse defiance of courts and at the same time maintain a shred of our faith in democracy, the very foundation of American liberty and human hope.

We cannot overlook the circumstances that led up to the injunction which Federal Judge Anderson has placed on the bituminous miners. Winter was rapidly settling down on the nation. In behalf of the general public which it was organized to represent and protect, government in the person of Cabinet Officer Wilson, made the most strenuous efforts to settle the controversy between the miners and operators in vain. Both sides wanted a fight. As a last resort before the clash came, President Wilson pointed out to the miners that a strike at this time was illegal and begged them not to bring the nation into a situation that threatened universal suffering and death.

The appeal of the president—an appeal that represented not only government, but the majority of public opinion in America, was flung into the discard. Notwithstanding our belief in the justice of the coal miners' demands, we feel that this action by them was poor strategy and lamentably bad tactics. It hurt their case with the mass of the American public.

But they threw tactics and strategy to the winds and struck. Government had done all it could to prevent the clash. Now it was a government's duty to protect and defend the whole public from suffering and danger. If it did not take strong measures, it was as good as no government at all. The appeal to the law and the resulting injunction followed.

COULD A GOVERNMENT OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE HAVE DONE LESS?

The LEADERS of the miners are to blame for the situation today because of their poor generalship—their sad lack of even elementary good management. Had they accepted the president's urgent appeal, even with grumbling and sullenly, the miners would now have public opinion strongly on their side.

We trust that the miners will allow their leaders to carry their poor generalship no farther.

There can be but one interpretation of that. It means that friends of the labor movement whose constancy has been tested by decades of support demand that the men who are leading the miners change their tactics. Farrington

ton's statement in Springfield, Ill., yesterday indicates that he for one has not learned anything from the experience through which the Mine Workers have gone, and the level headed element in the organization ought to take the matter in hand before another prestige destroying defeat is sustained.

Secretary of Labor Wilson in broadening the scale conference out so that it will include representatives of the men and of the operators from every coal producing field in the country has paved the way for a change in the tactics of the representatives of the men and advantage should be taken of it.

REVIVALS.

RIGHT now the members of the Ministerial association are wrestling with the problem of possible evangelistic activities in Fairmont during the coming winter. They all feel that the churches were benefitted by the joint campaign which was made here last winter, but they are not of one mind regarding the possibility of repeating that success with the use of the same or a closely allied method. It is a fact, perhaps not without significance, that the sensational religious campaign or "drive" which had been a feature of the religious life of the nation for ten or more years previous totally disappeared during the war. And there is no indication that it is going to be restored soon. The names of the leading revivalists which used to figure on the front pages of the newspapers very frequently are seldom seen now, and interest in the things they stood for in the public estimation is at a very low ebb.

This is not because there is any less interest in religion or in church work. There probably is more. Certain it is that many men came home from the army with a more profound respect for the things that the churches stand for than they had when they left. And the reaction of the war upon women was equally profound. M. Guy Van Buskirk, secretary of the Young Peoples' department of the West Virginia Sunday School association, who has just got back to his headquarters in Clarksburg after an extensive tour of this state, testifies that church people as a whole are taking more interest than ever before in general church activities.

The truth probably is that the country is going through a reaction from the excitement of the war and does not crave any of the sensationalism which characterized the great religious drives. If that is the truth there ought to be some other method by which the churches can profit by the increased interest in the more serious aspects of life.

PAYING THE PRICE.

ALL through the extreme northwest the public is hunting down the I. W. W. adherents in much the same ruthless fashion a community adopts when after it has been harassed for a long time it finally turns upon a pack of wolves. The smoldering resentment was fanned into full flame by the killing of Amistice day paraders at Centralia, Wash., and there will be many killed and much destruction of property before the storm dies down.

The prospect is by no means a pleasant one for law abiding Americans to contemplate, but it is a perfectly natural one. It is to be hoped that it will serve as a warning to other sections of the country which thoughtlessly permit radicals to become established in their midst.

The right kind of public opinion at the time the I. W. W. began to be active in that section of the country would have served even better to drive them out than the ruthless tactics that are now being employed. Moreover the relatives and friends of four veterans of the Great war would not now be in mourning if they had been discouraged at the outset.

But instead of indicating clearly to the radicals that their doctrines were unacceptable the people of the northwest and all along the Pacific coast first tolerated and then encouraged them. Now they are paying a heavy penalty. The whole incident is a striking example of what it costs when the public is too pusillanimous to stand firm for the things that have made American standards possible.

They handle a cloture proposal in the senate as carefully as if they expected it to blow up in their hands. And perhaps there is some danger of that, but so far as the public is concerned they could take a vote on the treaty without another word of debate.

Work is to be resumed in the great Cambria steel plant at Johnstown, Penna., Monday. Enough men want to work to warrant the effort on the part of the management. Harvey Thomas, president of the Amalgamated Iron and Steel Workers, says that the calling off of the coal strike broke the morale of the steel strikers. Doubtless there is a large measure of truth in this. The radicals in both the steel and the coal industries depended upon helping each other and both have failed, but the steel strike failed before the coal strike began. It failed as soon as the public realized what it really meant.

Call loan rates went up to 30 per cent yesterday and quotations for securities went down with a rush as a result. A lot of paper fortunes probably vanished into thin air in the process, but general business will be the better for it. One of the finest things about the Federal banking system is the control it has over speculation. Under the old laws the speculative edifice which was being built up on a basis of cheap money would have kept on growing until it toppled over of its own weight. And then there would have been a panic. There is a panic in Wall street now, but it is a disturbance that will go no further than the speculators whose excesses brought it on.

Two judges of Federal district courts yesterday ruled against the enforcement of the war time prohibition act, both on the ground that the act is unconstitutional because it invades the police powers of the states. These decisions will seriously interfere with the program for the enforcement of the war time act, but they have absolutely no bearing on the status which will begin January 16 next when constitutional prohibition becomes effective.

Which doesn't look exactly honest.

However, it's not the first time men have been caught voting for anti-likers laws that they did not intend to observe themselves.

Practically no dry law would have been passed in this country if all the guys had voted just as they had intended to drink.

This touch of cold weather will help some in getting the men back into the mines.

Not much fun in loafing around in the open when the temperature is way down where it is today.

The top has literally been blown off the speculative pyramid built in Wall street.

And the chances are that many perfectly gorgeous winter vacation plans have come to naught.

Paper profits are all right for home consumption but they are not accepted at the cashier's window in the big Florida and California hotels.

Fairmont High is Going to Grafton

Fairmont High is expecting easy pickings at Grafton next Saturday when the Grafton high eleven is met on the Grafton gridiron. The team is in fine shape and determined to roll up a record score against the Tyler county kids.

A religious taking of 100 in the Kansas Wesleyan Union, "The Redemption of Dead Generals."

Don't forget the world famous singers at the First Methodist Episcopal church, Monday evening, November 17, 1919.

TRUTHS AND TRAVESTIES

By th' Bard.

Attentuhunt!

Probably you noticed in the paper this morning that the Oulja board had solved the mystery of the whereabouts of little Billy Dansey. That is nothing. Speaking of Oulja boards I have a tale that will chill the marrow of your bones and make what the barber charges fifty cents for trimming stand straight up. It was this way. Some months ago a very valuable necktie disappeared. I valued the thing, not so much for its intrinsic worth, but because it was a sort of heirloom so to speak. I had become attached to thing from having it attached to me, you might say. I had worn that tie in spite of much opposition on the part of Mrs. Bard, who failed to appreciate the soft tones and colors that had resulted from age laying its mellowing hand on its silken surface. But one day that tie disappeared. For weeks I wandered about disconsolate seeking my lost tie. The lost chord was nothing compared to it. Then I thought me of our Oulja board. One night at midnight I slipped into the attic and taking the Oulja board on my knees, or more accurately, my pajama clad knees, I bid it write. Here was the remarkable document produced under my eyes.

"This is Alexander the Great speaking. You are in trouble about the disappearance of a favorite necktie. You will recall that your wife objected to this tie. You will reflect that women are unscrupulous in their means to attain an end. Need I say more?"

The next day on my way to the office I saw Black Harry, who collects our ashes, wearing a tie that I am sure, once flared gracefully upon my own bosom. I am a convert to mysticism.

Parade Rest!

"It's very, very strange to me, ejaculated Mary. "Why when a girl hints wedding bells a man will act so scaredy."

Present Arms!

The Girl in The Office was astonished when she read in the paper this morning that the Senate intended to enforce the cloture rule and said she had heard missionaries say that even the most uncivilized savages wore that much anyway.

Ground Arms!

If ever loves labor was lost the Ohio booze lovers lost theirs when they defeated the prohibition ratification in that state.

All Hands on Deck!

The widow of Frank W. Woolworth is to receive only \$443,000 a year in income we read this morning. We may presume the following scene is enacted this morning in the widows household.

The housekeeper enters Mrs. Woolworth's sitting room—

"Good morning Mrs. Woolworth. What would you like for breakfast this morning?"

"Why Martha, I have my heart set on a nice plate of bacon and eggs, with some toast and butter and a cup of coffee with real thick cream."

The housekeeper turns her head that a tear may course unseen down her wrinkled old cheek.

"Ah Mrs. Woolworth, I have tried to keep from telling you, but there has not been an egg in the house for over a week. I am afraid we can not afford bacon any more and the dairyman has refused to leave any more butter and cream until we mortgage the old home and pay him for what we received last week."

Mrs. Woolworth turns deathly pale and sinks back into her split hickory chair by the fireplace.

"Martha, I feel chilly. Bring another lump of coal for the fire."

"Oh Mrs. Woolworth, how I would like to. But there is no more coal in the cellar. I have been burning the Louis XIV parlor set in the furnace for the past week. We are starting on the grand piano this morning."

Mrs. Woolworth leans back and closes her eyes.

"Martha!"

"Yes, Mrs. Woolworth."

"Pack my telescope at once. I have tried to avert this but it is no use. We go at once to my daughters, her husband has promised to send the limousine for me anytime. We must live Martha, and he has promised to give me town houses, yachts, cars—everything. You see he is a plumber."

Return to Quarters!

Evening Chat

Cold Days A-comin'.

The weather report yesterday predicted that today would be colder. This time the weather man was right. Early this morning a sent along a shivering, howling wind, who got into the house through the cracks about the windows and doors and who flew around, up and down, insisting that fires be lit and some sort of special attention be paid to the un-bidden guest. Now, listen, folks, don't start that yearly ball to rolling which starts out like this: "My, isn't the weather mild. Don't believe we're going to have any cold days this year." We never have any cold weather until after Xmas, once or twice excepted, and though many a Xmas day we have eaten dinner with windows open, that doesn't mean we are to have no severe weather at all. Along about the first of January you'll be convinced it's cold weather all right.

A Poor Fizzle of a Match. Don't you just love to light a match these days and have the feeble framework of the thing get sudden rheumatism and collapse. I've been inclined toward writing an obituary on the match for some time, and now I'm going to do it. The match is a useful article—when it doesn't fall down on the job. But not all persons of the match are of the same quality. You may scorch the head of a match and then turn around and watch your own, complicated society

Children's
Wattlewour Velour
HATS
\$6.95

Courtneys' Store

Honest Values

108-110 Main St.

Special Table
of
Dainty Flash Colored
Camisoles.
\$1.00

Comparison Serves Best To Heighten the Supremacy of Courtney's Suit Values!



Our Superb Suit Stock Has Been Revised—Many of the Choicest models have been marked.

To step down now into a lower price group We adhere to our Policy of Not Quoting Comparative Prices. Preferring Rather to Let You Be the Competent Judge of

Courtneys' Values

You will be quick to mark and recognize perhaps the very Suit you have yearned for previously—Now in a Lower Price Group. There never was a time when careful comparison would so thoroughly demonstrate the Supremacy of Courtney's Values!

Wonderful Values in Smart Suits.

AT

\$29.50, \$39.50, \$49.50, \$59.50
\$69.50, \$79.50 on up to \$159.50

A Sale of Smart Winter
HATS

To make you marvel at
the Lowness of Their
price

\$4.95

Dozens selected from
stock and dozens more
made up especially for
this event, in our own
workroom. A few of the
models in Our Window.



Have You Seen the New Sweaters?

If you have inspected this marvelous array of smart new models that we have just received and put many on Display in Our Window. You can Confidentially Answer "Yes."

Here is a Special Display of the newest of the new in Sweaters in all the New Bright Shades.

And so many different styles—Slipovers, Frill tail and sleeves, Fish tail and in all the new weaves—Filet, Shell Stitch herring bone and drop stitch.

Wonderfully Smart Models in Wool and Fibre Silk.

The Sweater you have been wishing for is surely among them.

\$6.75 to \$16.50



To Enhance Your New Georgette
Blouse—Buy a Colored Camisoles
Dozens Just Arrived
\$1.85 to \$3.00

Don't Forget That This is

National Blouse Week

Our stocks were replenished Especially for This Event.

Georgette Blouses in the dark Suit colors are especially bewitching—the beads and embroidery so handsomely rich and the peplum models, especially, are attracting much attention at \$19.975 to \$27.50. Other Models in Georgette.

\$6.75 to \$18.50

Truthful Advertising Courtney's Store Dependable Merchandise

RUFF STUFF

One swallow does not make a summer.

Not does nine rifles make a revolution.

By the way, who sent those rifles?

The mere fact that they landed in Cabin Creek suggested the suspicion that it might be a frame up.

And while the guy who sent them was at it, why didn't he make it a instead of nine?

They may know over in Ohio what they were driving at, but at this distance it looks as if they voted at the election in favor of a state prohibition law and against its enforcement.

Practically no dry law would have been passed in this country if all the guys had voted just as they had intended to drink.

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because the bit of wood refuses to function as man with the Lord behind him intended it should. A match is like some people. It loves to flare out into a glorious blaze only to glimmer down the moment after into a useless lukewarm flame, with that necessary acquisition, a good stiff backbone, missing. You can't put any faith nor confidence in spineless folks, and neither can you pursue a lighted pathway in life with a match which refuses to stand up to its task here below. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again, they tell us. But that is work with the same match. At last, to light the head-piece of the poor wooden stick of today and you'll mentally use strong language if you're in a hurry. You'll probably have to get down on your hands and knees and crawl all around the base

in the dark searching for the remnants of a miserable failure. It is of no use to you there, but it must of necessity be carried out of harm's way for fear the thing may come to life inopportunely and under the heel of the family prove a menace to the entire community—so far-spread are one's spineless failures.

So let's put the following verses on the tombstone and hope for better material in our matches some sweet day in the future:

Here's to a failure, a stick of a match, who lost his head and refused to scratch. He crumpled all up and fell down on his job. Let none of his family sob a sob.

CATARH

YVES VAPORIS

YVES VAPORIS

YVES VAPORIS

YVES VAPORIS

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